A

SATYR

AGAINST

HYPOCRITES.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.
Juvenal. Satyr. 1.

John Hall[illegible]

LONDON,
Printed for *O. B.* and *R. H.*
1680.

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TEdious have been our Fasts, and long our Prayers;
To keep the Sabbath such have been our cares,
That *Cisly* durst not Milk the gentle *Mulls*,
To the great damage of my Lord Mayor's Fools;
Which made the greasie Catch-poles swear and curse
The Holy-day, for want oth' second course;
And men have lost their body's new adorning
Because their cloaths could not come home that morning.
The sins of Parliament have long been bawl'd at,
The vices of the City have long been yawl'd at,
Yet no amendment; certainly, thought I,
This is a Paradox beyond all cry.
Why if you ask the people very proudly
They answer straight, that they are very godly.
Nor could we lawfully suspect the Priest,
Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring you Christ*;
And trul' he spoke with so much confidence,
That at that time it seem'd a good pretence,
Then where's the fault? thought I: well, I must know,
So putting on clean cuffs, to Church I go.
Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Steeple,
And in a row to Church went all the People.
First came poor Matrons stuck with Lice like Cloves,
Devoutly come to worship their white loaves;

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Devoutly come to worship their white loaves;

And may be ſmelt above a German mile,
Well, let them go to fume the middle-Iſle.
But here's the ſight that doth men good to ſee't,
Grave Burgers, and their Wives, with Poſies ſweet,
Like walking-Gardens. There's old *Robin* too,
Who although write or read he neither do,
Yet hath his Teſtament chain'd to his waſt,
And his blind zeal ſeels out the Proofs as faſt,
And makes as greaſie dogs-ears as the beſt.
A new ſhav'd Cobler follows him, as it hapt,
With his young *Cake-bread* in his Cloke cloſe wrapt;
Then panting comes his Wife from t'other end
O'th' Town, to hear Our Father, and ſee a Friend:
Then came the Shops young Fore-man, 'tis preſum'd,
With hair Roſe-water'd, and his Gloves perfum'd,
With his blew ſhoo-ſtrings too, and beſides that,
A Riband with a ſentence in his Hat.
The Virgins too, the fair one and the Gypſie,
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt ſpectentur ut ipſæ.
And now the ſilken Dames throng in good ſtore,
And caſting up their Noſes to th' Pew-dore,
Look with diſdain to ſee the Pew ſo full,
Yet muſt and will have room, I, that they wull:
Straight that ſhe ſits not uppermoſt diſtaſt
One takes; 'tis fine that I muſt be diſplac'd
By you, ſhe cries then, Good *Miſtris Gill-flurt*;
Gill-flurt, enrag'd cries t'other, Why ye dirt-
-ty piece of Impudence, ye ill-bred Thief,
I ſcorn your terms, good Miſtreſs Thimble-man's Wife.
Marry come up, cries t'other, pray forbear,
Surely your Husband's but a Scavenger;
Cries t'other then, and what are you I pray?
No Alderman's Wife, for all you are ſo gay.
Is it not you that to all Chriſtnings friſk it?
And to ſave Bread, moſt ſhamefully ſteal the Biſket?
At which the other mad beyond all law
Unſheaths her Talons, and prepares to claw

And

And ſure ſome Gorgets had been torn that day,
But that the Readers voice did part the fray.
Now what a Wardrobe could I put to view,
The Cloak-bag-breeches, and the Sleek-ſtone ſhoe,
Th' *Embroider'd Girdles*, and your *Uſurers Cloaks*,
Of far more various forms than there be Oaks
In *Sherewood*, or Religions in this Town:
Strong then of Cypreſs-cheſt appears the Gown,
The *Grogram Gown* of ſuch antiquity,
That *Speed* could never find its pedigree;
Fit to be doted on by *Antiquaries*,
Who hence may deſcant in their old *Gloſſaries*,
What kind of Fardingale fair *Helen* wore,
How Wings in faſhion came, becauſe wings bore
The Swan transformed *Leda* to *Jove*'s lap,
Our Matrons hoping thence the ſame good hap;
The Pent-houſe Beaver, and Calves-chaudron Ruff,
But of theſe frantick Faſhions now enough,
For now there ſhall no more of them be ſaid,
Leſt this my Ware-houſe ſpoil the French-men's trade.
And now as if I were that Woollen-Spinſter,
That doth ſo gravely ſhew you *Sarum* Minſter,
I'le lead you round the Church from Pew to Pew,
And ſhew you what doth moſt deſerve your view.
There ſtood the Font in times of Chriſtianity,
But now 'tis taken down, men call it Vanity;
There the Church-wardens ſit hard by the door,
But know ye why they ſit among the Poor?
Becauſe they love 'um well for love o'th Box,
Their money buys good Beef, good Wine, good Smocks.
There ſits the Clerk, and there the reverend Reader,
And there's the Pulpit for the good *Flock-feeder*,
Who in three lamentable doleful Ditties
Unto their Marriage-fees ſings *Nunc dimittis*.
Here ſits a learned Juſtice, truly ſo
Some people ſay, and ſome again ſay no,
And yet me-thinks in this he ſeemeth wiſe,
To make *Stypone* yield him an Exciſe,

And though on Sundays Ale-houſes muſt down,
Yet wiſely all the Week lets them alone;
For well his Worſhip knows that Ale-houſe ſins
Maintain himſelf in Gloves, his Wife in Pins.
There ſits the Mayor as fat as any Bacon,
With eating Cuſtard, Beef, and Rumps of Capon:
And there his corpulent Brethren ſit by
With Faces repreſenting Gravity,
Who having Money, though they have no Wit,
They wear Gold-chains, and here in green Pews ſit.
There ſit True-blew the honeſt Pariſh-maſters,
With Sattin Caps and Ruffs, and Demi-caſters,
And faith that's all; for they have no rich Fancies,
No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
There ſits a Lady painted fine by Art,
And there ſits curious Miſtreſs Fiddle-comefart:
There ſits a Chamber-maid upon a Haſſock,
Whom Chaplain oft inſtructs without his Caſſock:
One more accuſtom'd unto Curtain-ſins,
Than Woman is to wet her Thumb, that ſpins.
O what a Gloſs her Forhead ſmooth adorns!
Excelling *Phœbe* with her Silver-horns.
It tempts a man at firſt, yet ſtrange to utter,
When once comes near, fogh gudds it ſtinks of Butter
Another tripping comes to her Miſtreſs's Pew,
Where being arriv'd, ſhe tries if ſhe can view
Her young man's Face, and ſtraight heaves up her coats,
That her Sweet-heart may ſee her true-love knots.
But having ſate up late the night before
To let the young man in at the back-door;
She feeling drowſineſs upon her creeping,
Turns down one Proof, and then ſhe falls aſleeping.
Then falls her head one way, her Book another,
And ſhe ſleeps, and ſnores, a little t'one wi't'other.

That's call'd the Gallery; which (as you may ſee)
Was trimm'd and gilt in the year Fifty three.

'Twas

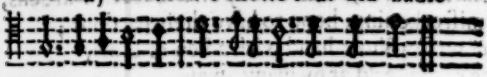
'Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,
Who for misreckoning, hope to have their pardons;
There *Will* writes Short-hand with a Pen of brass,
Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an ass,
That see him shake so fast his warty Fist,
As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Priest
Had spoke it; Then, O that I could (says one)
Do but as this man does, I'de give a crown.
Up goes another hand, up goes his eyes,
And he, *Gifts*, *Industry*, and *Talents* cries.

Hang it.

Thus are they plac'd at length: a tedious work,
And now a bellowing noise went round the Kirk,
From the low Font up to the golden Creed,
(O happy they who now no Ears do need:)
While these cough up their morning flegm, and those
Do trumpet forth the Snivel of the Nose;
Straight then the Clerk began with potsheard voice
To grope a Tune, singing with woful noise,
Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple,
Tom Sternhold's wretched Prick-song to the people;
Who soon as he hath plac'd the first Line through,
Up steps *Chuck-farthing* then, and he reads too:
This is the Womans Boy that sits ith' Porch
Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her Stool to Church.
Then out the people yaul an hundred parts,
Some roar, some whine, some creek like Wheels of Carts,
Such Notes the *Gamut* never yet did know,
Nor numerous Keys of Harpsicals in a row
Their heights and depths could ever comprehend.
Now below double *A re* some descend,
'Bove *E la* squealing now ten Notes some fly:
Straight then as if they knew they were too high,
With headlong hast down stairs they again tumble;
Discords and Concords O how thick they jumble!
Like untam'd horses tearing with their throats
One wretched stave into a hundred Notes.

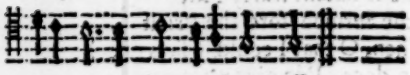
Some

Some lazy throated Fellows thus did baule



Robert Wiſdom's Delight.

They a i hin a moy a meat uh ga have



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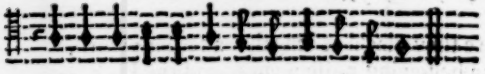
And ſome outrun their words, and thus they ſay,



Too cruel for to think a hum a haw.

Now what a Whetſtone was it to devotion,
To ſee the pace, the looks, and every motion
O'th Sunday-Levite when up Stairs he marcht.
And firſt behold his little Band ſtiff ſtarcht,
Two Caps he had, and turns up that within,
You'd think he wore a black Pot tipt with Tin;
His Cuffs aſham'd peept only out at's Wriſt,
For they ſaw whiter Gloves upon his Fiſt;
Out comes his Kerchief then, which he unfolds
As gravely as his Text, and faſt he holds
In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd,
How he rear'd his reverend Whites, and ſoftly ſaid
A long *moſt Mercifull*, or *O Almighty*,
Then out he whines the reſt like ſome ſad ditty,
In a moſt doleful *recitative ſtyle*,
His Buttocks keeping Crotchet all the while:
And as he ſlubbers o're his tedious ſtory,
Makes it his chiefeſt aim, his chiefeſt glory,
T' excel the City-Dames in ſpeaking fine.
O for the dripping of a fat Sir-loyn,
Inſtead of *Aaron's* Ointment for his face,
When he cries out for *greace* in ſtead of *grace*.
Upſtept another then, how ſowr his face is!
How grim he lookt! for he was one o'th *Claſſis*,

And

And he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, deſtroy, O Lord,*
The Covenant-Breaker with a two-edg'd Sword.
Now comes another, of another ſtrain,
And he of Law and Bondage doth complain:
Then ſhewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace* he cry'd.
Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
Devoutly on his Patron's Gallery,
Who as duty binds him, 'cauſe he eats their Pyes,
God bleſs my good Lord, and my Lady, cryes,
And's hopeful Iſſue. Then with Count'nance ſad,
Up ſtepts a man ſtark Revelation mad;
And he, *Cauſe us thy Saints for thy dear ſake,*
That we a buſtle in the world may make:
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
He tears his throat for the *fift Monarchy.*
Another mounts his chin Eaſt, Weſt, North, South,
Gaping to catch a bleſſing in his mouth,
And ſaying, *Lord! we dare not ope our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lyes.
Mean while the vulgar Frie ſit ſtill, admiring — Practice of Piety.
Their pious ſentences, as all inſpiring;
At every period they ſigh and groan,
Though he ſpeaks little ſenſe, or ſometimes none;
Their zeal doth never let them mind that matter,
It is enough to hear the Magpy chatter;
They croud, they thruſt, are crouded and are thruſted,
Their Pews ſeem Paſties, wherein they are incruſted,
Together bake and fry; O Patience great!
Yet they endure, though almoſt drown'd in ſweat.
It ſeem'd as if thoſe ſtreaming vapours were
To ſtew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
Their rugged doubts, that might breed ſome diſeaſe
Being taken raw in queaſie conſciences.
But further mark their great humility,
Their tender love, and mutual charity,
The ſhort man's ſhoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
Nor he ſo much as call'd him ſcurvy fellow;

Wrath was forgot, all anger was forborn,
Although his Neighbour trod upon his corn:
And in a word, all men were meek and humble,
Nor dar'd the Sexton, though unfeed, to grumble:
He honeſt man went with his Neck askew,
Gingling his bunch of Keys from Pew to Pew.
Good man to's Market-day he bore no ſpleen,
But wiſht the Seven-days had Sabbaths been;
How he worſhips Sattin, with what a Goſpel-fear
He admires the man that doth a Beaver wear;
Room, room, by y'r leave, he cries, then not unwilling
With a *Pater noſter* face receives the ſhilling.
But what was more religious than to ſee
The women in their ſtrains of piety,
Who like the Seraphins in various hews
Adorn'd the Chancel, and the higheſt Pews.
Stand up good middle-Iſle-folks, and give room,
See where the Mothers and the Daughters come!
Hey day! Behind the Servants, looking all like Martyrs,
With Bibles in Pluſh-Jerkins, and blew Garters;
The Silver-Inkhorn, and the Writing-book,
In which I wiſh no friend of mine to look.
For with far leſſer danger you may read
Trithemius Charms, or view the *Gorgon*'s head.
Nor muſt we now forget the Children too,
Who with their Fore-tops gay ſtand up i'th Pew.
Brought there to play at Church, and to be chid,
And for diſcourſe at Meals what children did.
Well, be good children, for the time ſhall come,
When on the Pulpit-ſtairs you ſhall have room,
There to be asked many a queſtion deep,
By th' Parſon, with his Dinner half aſleep.
But now aloft the Preacher 'gan to thunder,
When the poor women they ſit trembling under:
Jack a-dandy. And if he name *Gehenna*, or the Dragon,
Their faith, alas! was little then to brag on:
Or if he did relate, how little wit
The fooliſh Virgins had, then they do ſit

Weep-

Weeping with watery eyes, and making vows
One to have Preachers always in her houſe,
To dine them well, and breakfaſt'um with Gellies,
And Caudles hot to warm their wambling Bellies;
And if the Caſh, where ſhe could not unlock it,
Were cloſe ſecur'd, to pick her Husbands Pocket.
Another, ſomething a more thrifty Sinner,
To invite the Parſon twice a week to Dinner:
The other vows a Purple Pulpit-cloath
With an embroider'd Cuſhion, being loth
When the fierce Prieſt his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
That in the paſſion he ſhould hurt his knuckles.
Nay, in the Church-yard too was no ſmall throng,
And on the Window-bars in ſwarms they hung:
And I could ſee that many ſhort-hand wrote.
Where liſtning well I could not hear a jot;
Friend, this is ſtrange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas! your Ears are yet unſanctifi'd.
Cuds ſo, I had even almoſt now forgot
To tell you th' chiefeſt thing of all, what's that?
How the good women in a row do come
To bring the *New-born Babe* to *Chriſtendom.*
The Midwife Captain of the Gang, walks firſt,
Laden with *Child*, and *Naples-biſket Cruſt*;
Moſt reverently ſhe ſteps, dreſt all in print,
If ſhe be not a Saint the Devil's in't:
For ſo demure ſhe looks, that you would gueſs
She were ſome holy penitent Votareſs;
With eyes and mouth ſet in her Looking-glaſs,
On purpoſe for to carry *Babe of Grace.*
Nor is't a thing inſpir'd, but got by Art
And Practice, as the *Begger* learnt to *fart.*
Then follow th' Gueſts, each one in her degree,
Moſt punctual in their *Pariſh Heraldry.*
Being come to Church, they keep their cloſe order,
And go on, and go on, and go farther and farther,
'Till they arrive where, for the Prieſt's eaſe, God wot,
Stands a pretty little Stone-Syllabub-pot?

Water 't had in't, though but a little, God knows,
Scarcely to wet the tip of the Child's Noſe:
Men ſay there was a ſecret wiſdom then,
That rul'd the ſtrange opinion of theſe men;
For by much waſhing Child got cold in head,
Which was the cauſe ſo many Saints ſnuf-fled.
Oh cry'd another Sect, let's waſh all o're
The parts behind, and eke the parts before:
So ſhall we thoſe vile members purifie,
Whence ſprang the cauſe of all our miſery.
But their wiſe Wives reply'd, fuming and fretting.
'Twas dangerous, leſt the parts ſhould ſhrink i'th wetting;
And for that cauſe they only did beſprinkle
The pretty Birdſney-Pigney-Perriwinkle.
Now when the Prieſt had ſpoke, and made an end,
And that the Child was made the Churches friend,
The Women ſtraightway they went home agen,
To talk of things which they conceal of men.
Then Midwife carries Child t'ask Mothers bleſſing,
Who gives it a kiſs in her Flanders-lace dreſſing:
She ſate with Curtains drawn, moſt *princum prancum*,
And call'd the women every one to thank 'um:
Full threeſcore pounds it coſt in Plumbs and Diſhes,
Which women eat as Pikes eat little Fiſhes;
But when the Claret and Hypocriſs came in,
Then the tittle tattle began to begin.
The Midwife takes a Tankard, and drinks up all,
Of all the Saints quoth ſhe, God bleſs S. *Paul*,
He bid the men give the women their due;
If they don't, may the women n're prove true:
Well fare my Son here, he is a young man,
But let any other do better if he can;
Five in ſix years! —hey ho,—here daughter,
Here's to the next——and what ſhall come after.
But what ailes my Neighbour here to look ſo grum?
A year and an half, and nothing yet come!——
Alas, I loſt time, quoth ſhe, with a Logger-head,
That was ſix months learning what to do a bed;

But

But I ha'taught him a new leſſen I faith; quo I, fye upon't,
Such a fool at theſe years,——but learn more wit,——if ye (dont—
Alas, cries one, you are happy to me,
Weeping and drinking moſt heartily,
My Husband whores, and drinks all the week,
Judge you then Neighbours how I am to ſeek:
(Then they all ſhook their heads, and lookt moſt ſad,)
Theſe are they, quoth the Midwife, ſpoyl our Trade:
But be of good cheer, Daughter, come, come,
If he wont, another muſt in his room.
Alas, quoth ſhe, with a jolly red Noſe,
There's many an able Chriſtian, God knows,
Would leap at that which thy Husband deſpiſes.
Then 'gin they to talk of the ſeveral ſizes,
I thank my God, quoth the Midwife then,
I have buried three Husbands, all proper men;
I thank my God for't, though I ſay't that ſhould not,
And ſhould a fourth come, I'le promiſe yee I would not
Refuſe him with a lawful Wedding-ring,
Marriage is an honourable thing,
Wed then, and bed then, and make work for me,
And God will bleſs you the better, you ſhall ſee.
I ſpeak merrily, Neighbours,——ha——ha—here's t'ye all,
'Tis common you know when ſuch good jobs do fall.
By and by they ſingle out a poor Woman,
That has the luck to have as good as no man;
But her they uſe moſt unmercifully,
Calling her Husband *Do little*, and *Cully*,
Fumbler, and *Gelding*, why Neighbour, quo they,
You need not be at this paſs, there's another way;
Troth, quo ſhe, and I'le een take your good advice,
And then it will appear where the fault lies,
Now after this diſcourſe, and th' Wine drank up,
They all depart to their homes to ſup;
After that to bed, and 'tis a pound to a doight,
If their Husbands ſleep for their Quail-pipes that night.

Others not ſo concern'd, walk in the fields, To be heard of men.
To give their longing Wives what Cake-houſe yields:

And

To be heard of men.

And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinances,
Is all their chat, they ſeem in heavenly trances;
Thus they trim up their Souls with holy words,
Shaving off ſin as men ſhave off their Beards,
To grow the faſter; ſins, they cry, are fancies,
The Godly live above all Ordinances.
Now they're at home, and have their Suppers eat,
When, *Thomas*, cries the Maſter, *come, repeat*;
And if the Windows gaze upon the ſtreet,
To ſing a Pſalm they hold it very meet.
But would you know what a prepoſterous zeal
They ſing their Hymns withal? then liſten well;
The Boy begins,

To the tune of S. *Margarets* Chimes.

Go too therefore ye wicked men,
Depart from me [Thomas] *anon,*
For the [Yes Sir] *commandments will I keep*
Of God [pray remember to receive the 100 *l.* in *Graciouſ ſtreet* to morrow] *my Lord alone.*
As thou haſt promis'd to perform, [Mary, anon forſooth]
That death me not aſſail, [Pray remember to riſe betimes to morrow morning, you know you have a great many cloaths to ſoap]
Nor let my hope abuſe me ſo,
That through diſtruſt I quail.

Behold the zeal of the people

But Sunday, now good night, and now good Morrow
To thee O *Covenant Wedneſday*, full of ſorrow:
Alas! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
She's up betimes, and gone to *Aldermanbury*;
Truly, 'twas a ſad day, for every Sinner
Did feaſt at Supper then, and not at Dinner;
Nor men nor women waſh their Face to day,
Put on their cloaths, and piſs, and ſo away:
They throng to Church juſt as they ſell their ware,
In greaſie hats, and old Gowns worn thread-bare,
Where though the whole body ſuffer'd tedious pain,
No member yet had more cauſe to complain
Than the poor Noſe, when little to its eaſe,
A Chandler's Cloak perfum'd with Candle-greaſe,

Com-

Commixing ſent with a Sope-boylers breeches,
Did raiſe a ſtink beyond the skill of Witches.
Now ſteams of Garlick whiffling through the noſe,
Stank worſe than *Limber's* Socks, or Foot-boys toes.
With theſe *Mundungo's*, and a breath that ſmells
Like ſtanding Pools in ſubterranean Cells,
With ſteams of many a private Fizzle,
Compos'd Pomanders to out-ſtink the Devil,
Yet ſtrange to tell, they ſuffer'd all this evil,
Nor to make water all the while would riſe,
Sitting with myſtical pots betwixt their thighs:
To ſtir at this good time they thought was ſin;
So ſtrictly their Devotion kept them in.
Now the Prieſt's elbows do the Cuſhion knead,
While to the people he his Text doth read;
Beloved, I ſhall hear crave leave to ſpeak
A word, he cries, and winks, unto the weak.
The words are theſe, *Make haſt, and do not tarry,*
But unto Babylon *thy dinner carry*;
There doth young Daniel *want in the Den,*
Thrown among Lions by hard-hearted men.
Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by the crown,
Not to explain this precious Text amiſs, Celeſtial Logick.
Daniel's the *ſubject*, *Hunger* th' *object* is,
Which proves that *Daniel* was ſubject to hunger.
But that I may n't detain you any longer,
My brethren dear prick up your ears, and put on
Your ſenſes all, while I the words unbutton. *The Expoſition.*
Make haſt, I ſay, *make haſt and do not tarry*,]
Why? my Beloved, theſe words great force do carry,
And 'tis a wondrous Emphatical ſpeech.
Some men, Beloved, as if they had Lead i'th their breech
Do walk, ſome creep like Snails, they're ſo ſlow pac'd,
Truly, my Brethren, theſe men do not make haſt.
But be ye quick, dear Siſters, be ye quick. 1. *Uſe.*
And leaſt ye fall, take hope, hope's like a ſtick. Not like an anchor
To *Babylon*] ah *Babylon!* that word's a weighty one, *Babel* battered.
Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one,

Which

Which as the learned *Rider* well records,
Semiramis did built with Brick and Bords:
Wicked *Semiramis*, accurſed Bitch!
My ſpirit is mightily provok'd againſt that Wretch.
Luſtful *Semiramis*, for well I wiſt
Thou wert the Mother of proud Antichriſt.
Nay, like to *Levi* and *Simeon* from antiquity,
The Pope and thee were Brothers in iniquity.
Strumpet *Semiramis*, like her was *non*,
For ſhe built *Babylon*, Ah! ſhe built *Babylon*.

2 *Uſe.* But, Brethren, be ye good as ſhe was evil,
Muſt ye needs go, becauſe ſhe's gone to the Devil?
Thy Dinner carry.] Here may we look upon
Brotherly compaſſion. A child of God in great affliction.
Why, what does he ail? alas! he wanteth meat:
Now what (Beloved) was ſent him for to eat?
For it came by inſpiration. Truly a ſmall matter; only a diſh of Pottage:
But pray what Pottage? ſuch as a ſmall Cottage
Afforded only to the Country Swains,
From whence I'me ſure, though none the place explains,
It was no Chriſtmas-diſh with Pruens made,
Nor white-broath, nor Capon-broath, nor ſweet Panade,
Or Milk-porrage, or thick Peaſe-porrage either,
Nor was it Mutton-broath, nor Veal-broath neither;
Nor any Broath of noble taſte or ſcent,
Made by Receipt of the Counteſs of *Kent*;
But ſure ſome homely ſtuff crumm'd with brown bread,
And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.
Would he have been ſo content? Truly this was but homely fare you'l ſay,
Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day.
And though there could be thought on nothing cheaper,
Yet fed as well on't as he had been a Reaper.

3 *Uſe.* Better eat any thing then not at all.
Faſting, Beloved, why? 'tis prejudicial
To the weak Saints; Beloved, 'tis a ſin,
And thus to prove the ſame I here begin.
Hunger, Beloved, why? this hunger *mauls*,
Au! 'tis a great *Mauler*, it brake Stone-walls:

Now

Now my Beloved, to break Stone-walls you know, Reaſon.
Why 'tis flat Felony, and there's great woe
Follows that ſin, beſides 'tis a great ſchiſm,
'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judiſm.
Judiſm? why Beloved, have you e're been Deſcripti-
Where the black Dog of *Newgate* you have ſeen? on of An-
Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichriſt, tichriſt.
He doth and hath the Brethren long entic't.
Claws like a Star-chamber Biſhop, black as Hell,
And doubtleſs he was one of thoſe that fell.
Judiſm I ſay is uglier than this *curr*,
Though there were nothing could be uglier.
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men,] A Saint
Here *Daniel* is the Church, the *World*'s the Den. may ſpeak
By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations, Bulls with-
Thoſe worſe then heatheniſh abominations. out con-
Truly dear friends, theſe Kings and Governours, tradiction
Theſe Biſhops too, nay all ſuperiour powers,
Why they are Lyons, Locuſts, Whales, ay Whales, belo-
Off go our Ears if once their wrath be moved. (ved,
But wo unto you Kings! wo to your Princes! His zeal
'Tis fifty and four, now Antichriſt, ſo ſays made him
My Book, muſt reign three days, and three half-days; forget his
Why that is three years and a half, Beloved: Rhyme.
Or elſe, as many precious men have proved,
One thouſand two hundred and threeſcore days.
Why now the time's almoſt expir'd, time ſtays
For no man; Friends, then Antichriſt ſhall fall,
Then down with *Rome*, with *Babel*, down with all,
Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
With Cardinals, and the King of *Spain*'s great power; And hey
They'l muſter up, but I can tell you where, then up
At *Armageddon*, there, Beloved, there, go we.
Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, *haloo*, *haloo*,
Kill *Amalek*, and *Turk*, kill *Gog*, and *Magog* too. Well re-
But who, dear friends, fed *Daniel* thus forſaken, membred.
Truly (but there's one ſleeps, a would do well to waken)
As 'tis in th' Engliſh, his name ends in *uck*,
And ſo his name is called *Habacuck*.

The Doctrine of Generation.

But in th' original it ends in *ock*,
For that dear Sisters call him Have-a-Cock.
And truly I suppose I need not fear
But that there are many Have-a-Cocks here:
The Laud increase the number of Have-a-Cocks;
Truly false Prophets will arise in Flocks:
But as a Farding-Candle shut up quite
In a dark Lanthorn never giveth light;

For Ministers may be Cuckolds.

Even such are they. Ay but my Brethren dear,
I'me no such Lanthorn, for my Horns are clear.
But I shall now conclude this glaurious truth
Use of Exhortation. Motives.
With an Exhortation to old men and youth:
Be sure to feed young *Daniel*, that's to say,
Feed all your Ministers that preach and pray.
1. First of all, 'cause tis good, I speak that know so,
4. And by experience find 'tis good to do so:
3. Fourthly, 'cause 'tis not evil; Thirdly and nextly,
6. As 'tis a duty impos'd, unless my Text lye.
12. Sixthly, for that y'are mov'd thereto; and Twelfthly,

Hunger a great Enemy to Gospel-duty.

'Cause there's nought better, unless I my self lye.
But now he smells the Pies begin to reak,
His teeth water, and he can no longer speak:
Only it will not be amiss to tell ye

A Cropsick Sister.

Of a sad hubbub made by Womans belly;
Belly was full of Caudle and Devotion,
Which in her stomach rais'd a strong commotion:
For the hot vapours much did damnifie
Her that was wont to walk in *Finsbury*.
So though a while she was sustain'd with Ginger,
Yet at the length a cruel pain did twinge her;
And like as Marble sweats before a shower,
So did she sweat, and sweating forth did pour
Her mornings draught of Sugar-sops and Saffron,
Into her sighing neighbours Cambrick-apron.
At which, *a Lard*, she cry'd, full sad to see
The foul mishap, yet suffer'd patiently.
How do you, then she cry'd? I'me glad 'tis up:
Ah sick, sick, sick, cryes one, *Oh for a cup*

Of

Of my Mint-water that's at home. One A
One holds her head, quo ſhe, *let come, let come.*
What man alas can ſtop the flowing Tide?
As pat as might be then the Parſon cry'd,
Tea like a ſtream ye ought to let it flow,
And then ſhe reacht, and once more let it go.
Straight an old *Fuſtilugs* with a brace of chins,
A bunch of Keys, and cuſhin for her pins;
Seeing in earneſt the good woman lack it,
Draws a Strong water bottle from her Placket, A very great creature-comfort.
Well heated with her fleſh; ſhe takes a ſup,
Then gives the ſick, and bids her drink it up.
But all in vain, her eyes began to roul, A great cry, and a little wool
She ſighs, and all cry out, *alas poor ſoul!*
One pinches then her cheek, one pulls her noſe,
Some bleſt the opportunity that were her foes,
And they reveng'd themſelves upon her face,
S. *Dunſtan*'s Devil was ne're in ſuch a caſe.
Now Prieſt ſay what thou wilt, for here's a chat
Begun of this great Emperick, and that
Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done.
I like not *Mayern*, he ſpeaks French ſays one;
Oh ſays another, though the man be big,
For my part I know none like Dr. *Trig.*
Na, hold you there, ſays t'other, on my life
There's none like *Chamberlain* the Man-midwife.
Then in a heap their own Receipts they muſter,
To make this Gelly, how to make that Plaſter;
Which when ſhe hears that now but fainting lay,
Up ſtarteth ſhe, and talks as faſt as they.
But they that did not mind this doleful paſſion,
Follow'd their buſineſs on another faſhion;
For all did write, the Elders and the Novice,
Me-thought the Church look'd like the *Six-Clerks Office.*
But *Sermon*'s done, and all the folk in faſt
As they can trudge, to Supper now make haſt:
Down comes the Prieſt, when a grave Brother meets him,
And putting off his broad-brim'd hat, thus greets him:

A great ſign of Grace.

Dear Sir, my Wife and I do you invite
O'th' Creature with us to partake this night.
And now ſuppoſe, what I prepare to tell ye,
The City-dame, whoſe faith is in the belly
Of her cramm'd Prieſt, had all her Cates in order,
That *Gracious-ſtreet*, or *Cheapſide* can afford her.

Bill of Fare.

Lo firſt a Pudding! truly 't had more Reaſons
Than forty Sermons ſhew at forty ſeaſons.
Then a Sur-loyn came in, as hot as fire,

For a City Supper.

Yet not ſo hot as was the Prieſt's deſire.
Next came a Shoulder of Mutton roaſted raw,
To be as utterly aboliſht as the Law.
The next in order was a Capon plump,
With an Uſe of Conſolation in his Rump.
Then came a Turkey cold, which in its life,
Had a fine Tail, juſt like the Citizen's Wife.
But now by'r leave and worſhip too, for heark ye,
Here comes the Venſon put in Paſt by *Starkey*;
Which once ſet down there, at the little hole
Immediately in whips the Parſon's ſoul.
He ſaw his Stomachs anchor, and believ'd
That now his belly ſhould not be deceiv'd:
How he leans o're the Chair toward his firſt Mover!
While his hot zeal doth make his mouth run over.
This Paſty had Brethren two, like to the Mayor,
Three Chriſtmas or Minc'd Pyes, all very fair;
Me-thought they had this Motto, *though they flirt us,*
And preach us down, Sub pondere creſcit virtus.
Apple-Tarts, Fools, and ſtrong Cheeſe to keep down
The ſteaming vapours from the Parſon's crown.
Canary too, and Claret eke alſo,
Which made the tips of their Ears and Noſes glow.
Up now they riſe, and walk to their ſeveral Chairs,
When lo, the Prieſt uncovers both his Ears.

Grace before meat.

Moſt gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
Thou ſaid'ſt that we ſhould eat before the Fall;
Then was the World but ſimple, for they knew
Not either how to bake, or how to brew.

But

But happily we fell, and then the Vine
Did *Noah* plant, and all the Priests drank Wine.
Truly we cannot but rejoyce to see
Thy Gifts dispenc'd with such equality.
To us th'hast given wide throats, and teeth to eat;
To the women knowledge how to dress our meat.
We are thy Sheep, O let us feed, feed on,
'Till we become as fat as any Brawn.
Then let's fall too, and eat up all the cheer;
Straight *So be it* he cryes, and calls for Beer.
Now then, like *Scanderbeg*, he falls to work, Much good may do you Sir.
And hews the Pudding, as he hew'd the Turk:
How he plough'd up the Beef like Forrest-land,
And fum'd because the bones his wrath withstand.
Upon the Mutton he fell like Wolf or Masty,
Still hewing out his way unto the Pasty.
At first a Sister helpt him, but this Elf Sir,
Wearying her out, she cries, *Pray help your self Sir.*
Upon the Pasty though he fell anon,
As if 't had been the walls of *Babylon*
Like a Cathedral, down he throws that Stuff,
Why, Sisters, said he, *I am Pepper proof.*
Then down he pours the Claret, and down again,
And *would the French King were a Puritan*,
He cries: swills up the Sack, and I'le be sworn, Christian Forgiveness.
Quoth he, *Spains King is not the Pope's tenth horn.*
By this his tearing hunger doth abate,
And o're the second course they 'gan to prate.
Then quoth *Priscilla*, O my brother dear, No Grace after meat
Truly y're welcome to this homely cheer,
And therefore eat, good brother eat your fill,
Alas for *Daniel* my heart aketh still.
Then quoth the Priest, *Sister be of good heart*;
But she reply'd, *good Brother eat some Tart.*

Rebecca

Rebecca then, a member of the Section,
Began to talk of brotherly affection;
For this, said she, as I have heard the wise
Discourse, consisteth much in exercise;
Yet I was foolish once, and did resist,
And but that a Brother dear would not desist,
Carried forth by a strong *believing power*
That I would yield at length, even to this hour
I had in darkness liv'd, and had not known
What joys the Laud revealeth to his *own*.
Then said the Priest, there is a time for all things,
There is a time for great things, and for small things:
There's a time to eat, and drink, and reformation,
A time to empty, and for procreation;
Therefore, dear Sister, we may take our time,
There's Reason for't, I never car'd for Rhyme.
Do not the wicked Heathen speak and say,
Gather your Flowers and Rosebuds while you may?
Ah dearest Brother now with heavy smart,
Answer'd another, ye have broke my heart;
What shall the wicked Heathen be so quick,
In heavenly matters, and we thus to seek?
Oh no, and therefore *Laud*, what strife in mercy
To shew me things by practice, not by hear-say.
And truly, Brother, there's no man can prove
That I was e'r e ingrateful for his love;
Nothing beyond ingratitude.
But sometimes Angels did attend his Purse,
At other times I did him duly nurse
With many a secret dish of lusty meat,
Which did provoke to act as well as eat.
Truly, quoth *Dorcas* then, I saw a Vision,
That we should have our Foes in great derision.
Quoth *Martha* straight, me thought I went a Maping,
And the word of the *Laud* came to me saying;
Martha put off thy cloaths, for time is come,
That men may *Trap-stick* shew, and women *Bum*,
And that the race of them that do *profess*,
Shall only need be cloath'd with Righteousness.

'Tis

'Tis true, dear Siſter, there are ſome that now
Are come to this perfection, and I trow
We may in time grow up to be as they,
Grant us, *ah Laud*, that we may ſee that day;
Let's i'th mean time at home and eke abroad,
Uncloath and unbrace our ſelves before the *Laud*,
On all occaſions that time ſhall yield,
That our dear Siſters Dream may be fulfill'd.
Why, did not *Jacob* dream, and ſo it was;
And *Pharaoh* dreamt, and ſo it came to paſs?
Then *Dorcas* cry'd, reach me the Cheeſe up hither;
Siſter, quoth ſhe, give this unto our Brother,
'Tis very good, if well waſht down with Sack,
His waſted ſpirits much refreſhing lack.
Recruited thus, all this good cheer, quoth he,
Is but an Emblem of Mortality.
The Oxe is ſtrong, and glories in his ſtrength, Deep Divinity.
Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
We eat him up. A Turkey's very gay,
Like worldly people clad in fine array,
Yet on the Spit it looks moſt piteous,
And we devour it, as the Worms eat us.
Then full of ſawce and zeal up ſteps *Ithuran*,
[This was his name now, once he had another,
Until the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
A Deacon, and a Bufferer of Sathan:
Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother dear, A man
Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here; may love
Nay, he would gladly pick your Pockets too his bro-
Of a ſmall Twopence, or a Groat, or ſo; ther.
The ſorry remnants of a broken Shilling:
Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling;
As for my ſelf, 'tis more than I do need,
To be charitable both in word and deed;
For as to us the holy Scriptures ſay,
The Deacons muſt receive, the Lay-men pay. but
Why Heathen folks that do in Taverns ſtray,
Will never let their friends the reckning pay;

And

And therefore pour your charity into the Baſon,
Brethren and Siſters eke, your Coats have lace on.
Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
For Sixpence? we'll next morn enhance our Ware,
Your Sixpence comes again, nay there comes more;
Thus Charity's the Increaſer of your ſtore.
Truly well ſpoke, then cry'd the Maſter-feaſter,
Since you ſay ſo, I freely give my Teſter.
But for the women, they gave more liberally,
For they were ſure to whom they gave, and why.
Where note, that ſpiritual joy makes a Saint blink.
Then did *Elnathan* blink, for he knew well
What he might give, and what he might conceal.
But now the Parſon could no longer ſtay,
'Tis time to kiſs, he cries, and ſo away.
At which the Siſters, once th' alarum taken,
Made ſuch a din, as would have ſerv'd to waken
A ſnoring Brother, when he ſleeps at Church.
With bag and baggage then they 'gan to march;
And tickled with the thoughts of their delight,
One Siſter to the other bids good night.
Good night, quoth *Dorcas* to *Priſcilla*; ſhe,
Good night, dear Siſter *Dorcas* unto thee.
In theſe goodly *good nights* much time was ſpent,
And was it not a holy complement?
Chriſtian Liberty.
At length in ſteps the Parſon, on his breaſt
Laying his hand, A happy night of reſt
Refreſh thy labours, Siſter; yet e're we part,
Feel in my lips the paſſion of my heart.
To another ſtraight he turn'd his face, and kiſt her,
And then he cries, *All peace be with thee, Siſter.*
Ne're a prophane kiſs among all theſe.
Next her that made the Feaſt he kiſſes harder,
And in a Godly tone, cries, *God reward her:*
And having done, he whiſpers in her ear,
The time when it ſhould be, and place where.
Thus they all part, and for that night the Prieſt
Huggs his own Wife, as good as ever piſt.
This ſeem'd a Golden time, the fall of ſin,
You'd think the thouſand years did now begin,

When

When Satan chain'd below ſhould ceaſe to roar;
Nor durſt the wicked, as they wont before,
Come to the Church for paſtime, nor durſt laugh
To hear the non pluſt Doctor fain a cough.
The Devil himſelf, alas! now durſt not ſtan
Within the ſwitching of the Sexton's wand;
For ſo a while the Prieſts did him purſue,
That he was fain to keep the Sabbath too;
Leſt being taken in the Elders Trap,
He ſhould have paid his Crown, or loſt his Cap:
Then leſt he ſhould like a Deceiver come
'Twixt the two Sundays *inſtertitium*,
They ſtuft up Lecturers with texts and ſtraw,
On working-days to keep the Devil in awe:
But ſtrange to think, for all this ſolemn meekneſs,
At length the Devil appeared in his likeneſs,
While theſe deceits did but ſupply the wants
Of broken unthrifts, and of thread-bare Saints.
Oh what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Play with that fear, with that religious awe
Which keeps men free, and yet is man's great Law.
What can they but the worſt of Athieſts be,
Who while they word it 'gainſt impiety,
Affront the Throne of God with impious deeds?
'Tis this that wonder in the Atheiſt breeds.
Are theſe the men that would the Age reform,
That down with Superſtition cry, and ſwarm
This painted Glaſs, that Sculpture to deface,
Yet worſhip Pride and Av'rice in their place?
Religion they bawl out, yet know not what
Religion is, unleſs it be to *prate*.
Meekneſs they preach, but ſtudy to controul;
Money they'd have, when they cry out *your ſoul*.
And angry, will not have *Our Father* ſaid,
'Cauſe it prays not enough for *daily bread*.
They meet in private, and cry *Perſecution*,
When Faction is their end, and State-confuſion.

Theſe are the men that plague and over-run
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* all Religion;
Every *Mechanick* either wanting ſtock,
Or wit to keep his Trade muſt have a Flock.
The Spirit cries he, *moveth me unto it,*
And what the Spirit bids, muſt I not do it?
But having profited more then his Flock by teaching,
And ſtept into Authority by Preaching;
For a Lay-office leaves the Spirits motion,
And ſtraight retreateth from his firſt Devotion.
But this he does in want, give him Preferment,
Off goes his Gown, God's Cauſe is no determent.
Vain fooliſh people, how are you deceiv'd?
How many ſeveral ſorts have ye receiv'd
Of things call'd Truths, upon your backs laid on
Like Saddles for themſelves to ride upon?
They rid amain, and Hell and *Satan* drove,
While every Prieſt for his own profit ſtrove.
Can they the Age thus torture with their lyes,
Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties
Black as their Coats, and ſuch a ſilent fear
Lock up the lips of men, and charm the ear?
Had that ſame Holy Iſraelite been dumb,
That fatal day of old had never come
To *Baal*'s Tribe! Oh thrice unhappy Age!
While Zeal and Piety lie maskt in rage,
And vulgar Ignorance! How we do wonder,
Once hearing that the Heavens were forc'd to thunder
Againſt aſſailing Gyants! ſurely men
Men thought could not preſume ſuch violence then:
But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
Behold a bolder ſort of mortals here!
Thoſe undermining ſhifts of knaviſh folly,
Uſing alike to God and men; moſt holy
Infidels, who now ſeem to have found out
A ſubtler way to bring their ends about
Againſt the Deity, then openly to fight,
By ſmooth inſinuation and by ſlight:

They

They close with God, seem to obey his Laws,
They cry aloud for him, and for his cause;
But while they thus their strict Injunctions preach,
Deny in actions what their words do teach.
O what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent with Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Yet if they can no better teach than thus,
Would they would only teach themselves, not us:
So while they still on empty outsides dwell,
They may perhaps be choakt with Husk and Shell;
While those who can their follies well refute,
By a true knowledge shall obtain the Fruit.

FINIS.